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# THE GLOVES.

A COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
NATE A. TEFFT.



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## CHARACTERS.

PHINEAS STUBBS, D. D., in the pulpit, and an advocate  
of the pugilistic reform.....  
JACK DELLFORD, an easy going nephew of the doctor's  
wife, and a late graduate of Harvard College.....  
DICK MASON, Jack's college friend.....  
PROF. WADE, a typical master of boxing.....  
WILLIAM O'GRADY, the old family butler.....  
MRS. DR. STUBBS, a devoted wife, who is more of an  
associate for the young than the old.....  
BELLE ASHTON, engaged to Jack Dellford and visiting  
at Lakeside.....  
ROSE DELLFORD, Jack's young sister, who has a queer  
heart for Mr. Mason.....  
BIDDY, a maid servant.....  
Hostlers, Footmen, etc.

## Synopsis of Acts.

SCENE LAID IN SUBURBS OF LONDON.

ACT I—Drawing-room at Lakeside. Time, noon-day.

(A lapse of three days between first and second acts.)

ACT II—Scene I—Dr. Stubbs' study at Lakeside, 6 o'clock in the even-  
ing. Scene II—On the street one hour later. Scene III—Buxton Clubroom.

ACT III—Drawing-room at Lakeside same night.





# THE GLOVES.

## ACT I.

(SCENE—Should represent drawing-room—large centre table with chairs and sofa, left; small table with chairs, right; easel with picture of St. Joseph rear of stage, right; and directly behind, a screen. Other nice furniture distributed about room. Entrances, right. left and center. William, with large feather duster in hand, is chasing cat from room.)

William—"Out wid yers. Out with yers. Yer dirty spalpeen. Out wids yers. (Walking to foot lights.) 'There, praps I ought'n to have done that. That was Master Jack's cat. I'd do any thing for that cat. Kitty, Kitty, Kitty. 'There, she's gone now; I'll not bother him about coming back agin. I must be brushing up. Master Jack's coming home to-day, and as me brother used to say, 'I'm not the man to shirk me duty when the likes of him be comin' home.' Ah! he's a fine man, he is; like his poor dead father and mother before him. I'll keep me weather eye open to see that no harm comes to him, as I promised his father when he breathed his last. Holy Mother protect him from the likes of that uncle of his. He's a villian, he is, if ever he was he his, isn't he? Yis, he is." (Dusting, and singing some Irish air.)

Mrs. Stubbs (behind scene)—"William! William!"

William—"Here comes me missus, and as me brother used to say, 'I'm not the man to shirk me duty.'" (Dusting and singing.)

Mrs. Stubbs (behind scene)—"William! William!" (Enter right.)  
"Where are you, William?"

William (bowing)—"Sure and ain't you looking at me, me lady?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"I have been searching every where for you, William. Where are the girls? Are you aware it is train time? See that Michael is off at once with the brougham to meet Master Jack and his friend, and that Jerry goes for the trunks."

William (going to center door)—"Shure, me lady, Michael and the girls have been gone this half hour. (Looking off). The thrain whistled some time ago, and shure as I'm look'n from me eyes, they be driving by the lake this quick."

Mrs. Stubbs (looking off)—“You are right, William. I can see them myself.”

William (still looking off)—“Yis and shure as I’m a mick, Master Jack is on the box himself holding the ribbons.” (Facing front.) “Ah! he’s a fine gentlemen, he is, if ever he was, he is, isn’t he? Yis, he is.” (As he exits right.) “I’ll send Jerry for the trunks and speak to Dr. Stubbs.”

Mrs. Stubbs (at the door)—“Yes, it is Jack. The dear boy. How handsome he looks. How proud his mother would be if she could only see him now. Four long years of absence has made a wonderful change in him—yes, a wonderful change. I can hardly realize he is the same person.” (Coming forward.) “How glad he must be to get back to his old home once more. A mere boy when he left, under guardianship of his uncle, with my own maternal love to guide him. But now the tables turn. He returns a man and master of all Lakeside. May the spirit of those gone before lead him a straight path in his career.” (Loud voices outside.) “Oh, this seems too good to be true. Jack returned. I know his voice. How natural it sounds.” (Turns to meet Jack and others entering center. William follows behind with luggage and exits right.)

Jack (outstretched hands)—“Auntie!”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Jack, dear boy.” (Kissing Jack.) “Welcome home, welcome home.” (She turns to Dick.) “And this is Mr. Mason, I presume?” (Shaking hands with Mr. Mason.)

Jack (walking to right)—“Yes, Auntie, Dick Mason—the one I have written you so much about.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“I am very glad you have come, Mr. Mason. We shall enjoy your visit so much.”

Dick—“Thank you, Mrs. Stubbs; I am glad I was fortunate enough to accompany Jack to his old home and enjoy my vacation with you all.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“I sincerely hope you will make your vacation long enough, Mr. Mason, to pay you for coming so far to spend it.”

Rose—“Yes, America is a long way off, you know. You can’t get home in a day. Are you ever homesick, Mr. Mason?”

Dick—“Homesick! ha! ha! I should say not, Miss Rose. Why, I really don’t know what the sensation is. Your brother Jack is the homesick body. I had hard work to keep him in college.”

Belle—“Why, Jack, you did not mention this in your letters.”

Jack—“No, Belle, I knew it would do no good. I made up my mind to be brave, and after the first year it was not so hard. Yet I never saw the time during the last four years that I couldn’t make myself homesick in five minutes when that” (pointing to Dick) “young man was not around to cheer me up. He’s the best fellow that ever lived.”

Belle—"Think of that, Mr. Mason. You must be a perfect bunch of cheerfulness, and an elegant man to have around when the blues are prevalent."

Dick—"O, I am, Miss Ashton, I am. But I hope you understand as well as I that Jack does not mean all he says." (All laugh.)

Mrs. Stubbs—"Then you are glad to get home again, are you, Jack?"

Jack—"Glad? Why, Aunt, that does not express it. I was so anxious to get here from the station that the greys could not speed fast enough, even when I took them in hand. I'm afraid they have learned bad habits during my absence; but I will soon draw them in line. Leave me alone for that."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Yes, Jack, but you won't be hard on them. Remember they were your father's prize pair."

Jack—"Yes, Aunt, they were. Poor father. But there, I don't intend to kill them with abuse; only just touch them up a little for their own good, that's all; and no doubt Dick will enjoy exercising the thoroughbreds. How about that, Dick?"

Dick—"Most assuredly I will, or any other sport as for that."

Rose—"Then you are fond of all sports, are you, Mr. Mason?"

Dick—"Yes, Miss Rose, I enter into all the games in college. There's base ball, foot ball, rowing, fencing, and—and—er—boxing, and"—

Rose—"O, do you box, Mr. Mason?"

Belle—"And with real gloves?"

Dick—"Yes, I box with real gloves, ladies. But of course you understand that doesn't mean that I fight with them. I put on the gloves and box merely as a past time and for the exercise. Is that not so, Jack?"

Jack—"I have no stories to tell; but if this nose could talk I'm thinking you all would be well entertained."

Mrs. Stubbs—"How shocking, Jack. Your Uncle Phineas will never approve of such sport as that."

Jack—"Gad, Aunt! how stupid of me for not thinking of Uncle before. Where is he?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Your Uncle is this very moment writing of the subject about which we are talking. He is trying to introduce a bill to prohibit prize fighting."

Jack—"Prize fighting?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Yes, Jack, and should he know you boys upheld such low sport he never would forgive you—no, never." (Jack laughs.)

Rose—"Oh, Aunt! I have an idea. Uncle was wishing only last night he had some one to give him a few ideas regarding the scientific



movements of boxers, that he might thoroughly understand them himself and be able to properly inform the public. Now, Jack and Mr. Mason can put on the gloves and show him just how it is done, and"—

Mrs. Stubbs (very indignant)—"Rose, I am astonished at your thinking of such a thing."

Rose (surprised)—"Well, why, Aunt? It would not be wicked to do that, and oh! it would be so much fun to see them."

Mrs. Stubbs—"A shocking idea of yours, my child. I cannot think for a moment your Uncle would wish to be a witness to any such maneuvers, even if he could obtain valuable information by so doing. I am sure he would be absolutely opposed to it."

Belle—"But Mrs. Stubbs, they would only be playing, you know. It is not like two men striving to whip each other for a large purse of money."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Playing fight with the gloves, Belle, is realism with Dr. Stubbs."

Jack—"And a good deal more than realism to him who gets thumped in the nose, Belle. My nose was always a target for Dick's left handers, and there is not much play in that, I can assure you. Girls, I would like to have you know that Dick Mason is an expert pugilist and the prize winner of the college matches." (Dick bows.)

Mrs. Stubbs (very decided)—"Then don't mention it to your Uncle Phineas, Jack. If you do I'm afraid Mr. Mason will not enjoy his visit."

Dick—"Jack, your Uncle must have an extreme dislike for the art."

Jack—"It appears so, old boy. But remember my Uncle is a minister, and he naturally would be opposed to it. We cannot help the way he believes, neither can we blame him. Therefore, we better take Aunt's advice and keep quiet."

Belle—"Yes, by all means do."

Rose—"But Aunt, supposing Uncle Phineas should ask for the information he is looking for?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Then Mr. Mason can give him such ideas as he desires, but it is not necessary to inform him of how many medals he has won by putting men's noses out of joint."

Dick—"I agree with you, Mrs. Stubbs, I agree with you. But any assistance I can render the doctor I will gladly do." (Doctor Stubbs is heard coming up the walk, appears center, screen overhead, mittens on, stops just outside.)

Rose (running to door)—"Here comes Uncle, now." (Laughs heartily and returns.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Jerry! Jerry! I wish you'd hive those bees on that limb. I've been trying to this half hour, and they won't go in for me."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Mercy, Doctor Stubbs! What are you doing? I thought you were in the study writing."

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, I'm not, Mrs. Stubbs. Gracious Peter! Help me off with this fish net, quick! Seems if more than half that swam is down my neck. Ugh! There's one in my trousers' leg now. Come out here now and stop your buzzing. Any one would think you owned these trousers the way you take possession of them." (Catching supposed bee.) "Come out here. There, I've got you now. Go!" (Lets bee go, girls scream, boys protect their heads, as Dr. Stubbs laughs heartily.)

Jack—"Well, Uncle, this is new business for you, is it not?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Why, Jack, dear boy, how do you do! I am so glad to see you. I was not aware that you had arrived. And this is"—(extending hand to Dick.)

Jack—"My true and reliable friend, Dick Mason, Uncle."

Dr. Stubbs—"Mr. Mason, I am delighted to meet you. We have looked forward to your coming with Jack with great interest, and I sincerely hope it is your intention to remain with us a week, at least."

All (astonished)—"A week?"

Jack (forcibly)—"Why, Uncle, he has come to stay all summer."

Dr. Stubbs—"O, yes; yes, I hope so. Yes, I am so glad. It will give us extreme pleasure if you remain that long." (Aside.) "That boy's extravagance!"

Dick—"Thank you, sir, thank you."

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"All summer! This is imposing upon my generosity."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Now that your Uncle Phineas has come, Jack, if you and Mr. Mason will excuse me, I will go and see if lunch is ready, for I know you both must be very hungry."

Jack—"Hungry! Well, I should think so. And by the looks of Dick's vest I should say he was half starved." (Dick pulls vest out. All laugh. Exit Mrs. Stubbs, right.)

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"Such extravagance! This is terrible!"

Rose—"Mr. Mason, while we wait, will you walk with Belle and me in the garden?"

Dick—"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, Miss Rose."

Belle—"And Jack?"

Jack—"I will join you presently, Belle. I wish to speak with Uncle."

Belle—"Well, don't be long."

Jack—"I'll try not to." (Jack bows them out, throwing kiss to Belle. Returns to Dr. Stubbs.) (Aside.) He appears a trifle indisposed this morning. There must be good reason for it. I'll see. (To Dr. Stubbs.) "Uncle, I trust that you have not taken offence at my asking Dick to visit me this summer."

Dr. Stubbs—"Why of course not, of course not! Nothing gives me greater pleasure Jack than to see you enjoying yourself among your friends. I am twice glad Mr. Mason is here, and I have already taken a great fancy to the dear boy."

Jack—"I am glad to hear that, Uncle. Dick is an excellent fellow. He has been my friend and classmate since the first year I entered college and I could not think of parting with him—perhaps forever—without asking him, out of mere politeness, if nothing more, to pay me a visit. Of course, had I been under age I would have felt it necessary to consult you before asking him."

Dr. Stubbs—"Just so, just so!"

Jack—"But you are aware that I reached manhood a year ago."

Dr. Stubbs—"Of course Jack, of course!"

Jack—"And I felt a perfect right in doing as I pleased in the matter."

Dr. Stubbs—"Why certainly my dear boy; a perfect right, a perfect right!"

Jack—"Thank you uncle, I was afraid you had taken offence."

Dr. Stubbs—"Not at all Jack, not at all."

Jack—"Shall we go with the others in the garden?"

Dr. Stubbs—"You may go alone Jack. I have some business to attend to, and will see you at lunch." (Jack starts to exit. Dr. Stubbs following him to door.)—"Now, my dear boy, don't let this enter your head again. Anyone would think you distrusted your old uncle, to hear you talk."

Jack—"No Uncle, I could not do that. It was a mistake on my part. I misinterpreted your actions and words; but it is all right now. (Exit, center.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Blast that boy for his independence! He begins to feel his oats already. Yet it is not too late to clip his wings. (William passes by the door. Dr. Stubbs takes certificate from his pocket-book and examines it.) The thirty thousand pounds invested in Bell Telephone is yielding too good a dividend to part with so soon. Ah! how easy he can be made to think that money is lost. What a nice little story Phineas Stubbs has already in his mind to impart to him. (William in passing by the door stops to listen.) "Let me see; Lakeside, or Jack's share of the estates, I will not take from him."

William (aside)—"I thought something was up!"

Dr. Stubbs—"But 'The Elms,' or Rose's portion I will keep, pretending such will about cover my personal debt claim." (Goes to writing.) "That shall be my home." (William leaves.) "And Rose can live with me or her brother as she chooses. Yes, the boy can have his share of the estate, live on it and work for his daily bread, but I will cling to the money and Rose's share and he will never know the



difference. Do I dare try it? Yes, I will try it, and this pugilistic bill shall serve to protect me from any scandal. It will hold me up to public favor and win for me the respect and sympathy of my parish. They never will believe Phineas Stubbs capable of dishonesty. As for Jack—why he never will mistrust, and if I know him, he will not even take the trouble to look it up, but treat it merely as a matter of ill-luck.” (Goes on writing. Enter William.)

William—“Dr. Stubbs, sir, lunch is ready, sir.” (No reply.) “Lunch is ready, sir, Dr. Stubbs sir.” (No reply.) “I’ll bet, begorry, he’s dreamin’.” (Goes nearer and speaks louder.) “Dr. Stubbs, sir, lunch is ready, sir! Lunch is ready, sir, Dr. Stubbs, sir.”

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, yes, yes, William. I’ll be there directly.” (Exit William, center, lingers about door.) (Aside.) “I wonder if he could have heard anything? Now then this bill must be pushed forward, but before proceeding I must know pugilistic rules better. I must acquaint myself with all the ins-and-outs of this disgraceful mode of battle. If I could only see one contest, or if there were any one to inform me I should know well then how to treat it, but—I have it.” (Starts to exit.) “Jack and his friend must have derived some knowledge of the art from college life. They shall assist me in this good work.” (Exit Dr. Stubbs, left. Enter William, center.)

William—“Well, well, well, if the old man ain’t the devil’s own boy himself in gintlemen’s clothes; he is, if ever he was, he is, isn’t he? Yis, he is. Shure and he’s gittin’ stark ravin’ crazy over that bloody prize fight paper. Faith and it would not be well if the *bloods* knew the loikes of what he be up to. *Did* they know, they’d shmash him *in*, thin they’d shmash him out agin.” (Excitedly.) “I’d loike to try it on him meself.” (Fisting the air.) “I’d show him the loikes of what he ax, if ever I would I would, wouldn’t I? Yis, I would.” (Runs back center as if to listen.) “Holy Mother protect me; I thought I heard some one comin’, but I guess there’s no danger so long as there’s plenty of grub to ate on the table.” (Enter Biddy, right, with dust cloth in hand.) “And as me bruther used to say, ‘I’m not the man to shirk me duty,’ so I’ll jest go out, find Biddy darlin’ and give her a bit of blarney to while away the time.” (Turns to go and discovers Biddy behind him. Appearing frightened.) “Holy Mother! Biddy dear, what yers doin’ here? Yer be the devii’s own for scarin’ me wits out of me.”

Biddy—“Wits? Ha! ha! Wits? Well, its a plaguey few you’d have to part with, William O’Grady, and it serves ye right for sayin’ yer’d be givin’ me a bit of blarney.” (Crossing to left.) “And its a plaguey bit I’d take from the loikes of you anyway.” (Dusting with cloth.)

William—“Ah, Biddy darlin’, it’s meself I was a talkin’ to. Shure, its only a blackguard that would blarney the sweet, pretty peach that ye are.”

Biddy (smiling and coming nearer to William)—“O, Mr. O’Grady! do ye really think I am pretty loike that?”

William (putting arm around her waist)—“Yes, Biddy, to me own sinsitive eyes, ye are jest a rosey, posey, ripe, plump, pretty peach, jest hanging by a shmall, slinder shtem, all ready—when somebody shakes the tree—to fall and”—

Biddy—“And what?”

William—“And kiss the ground, Biddy dear.”

Biddy—“O, Mr. O’Grady! that’s splindid talk, all but kissin’ the ground, and I niver could do that.”

William—“Ah, Biddy dear. it’s not meself that would be lettin’ yers reach the ground. Ye’d fall straight into William O’Grady’s arms, and it would be William O’Grady that ye’d kiss.” (Attempting to kiss her.)

Biddy (releasing herself)—“Indeed, it would not. I’d sooner kiss a monkey.”

William—“Well ye’d kiss yerself then.”

Biddy—“And besides William O’Grady, ye are too old a man to be makin’ luv to the little, innocent, childlike gal that I am.”

William (aside)—“Plague take me age.” (To Biddy.) “O, Biddy darlin’, don’t think of me age. Think of me good looks and me good nature.”

Biddy—“How can I do that when you’ve got neither good looks, nor good nature, William O’Grady.”

William (aside)—“I guess she thinks I’m a great, big, red headed bear.” (To Biddy.) Ah, Biddy darlin’, yer can think so if ye only have a moind to. Jest shut yer eyes, Biddy dear, and I’ll make yer see the man yer love.”

Biddy (closing her eyes)—“Yes, they are shut.”

William—“Now jest imagine yer can see a nice young man—the kind ye’d loike to marry.”

Biddy—“Yes, I can see him.”

William—“Has he green eyes?”

Biddy—“Yes.”

William—“Red hair?”

Biddy—“Yes.”

William—“And”—

Biddy—“And a great, big, red nose.”

William—“O, Biddy dear, keep your eyes shut, that’s me. (Fall into each other’s embrace.) “Keep them shut, keep them shut. Aint yer happy, Biddy dear?”

Biddy—“Yes; aint you?”

William—“Yes, but keep yer eyes shut; me heart is swellin’, and bustin’ and beatin’ loike a drum for the loikes of ye, Biddy darlin’.”

Biddy—"Is it a kiss yer after gittin', this time?"

William—"No, Biddy darlin', yer misunderstand me, meaning shure this time. It's me everlastin' love for ye."

Biddy—"Is that so?"

William—"Yes, Biddy dear, that is so, and ye are the only gal in all the world that can scratch me tickling heart. Come now, Biddy dear, and I'll tell ye a sweet pretty story."

Biddy—"All right, William O'Grady; I'm listening. (Sings duet. When finished, both exit, right, just as Dr. Stubbs and Jack enter, center, engaged in earnest conversation.)

Dr. Stubbs—"My dear boy, there are many things to be considered, which you of course know about. Here your father left you thirty thousand pounds which was invested by himself in those American mines."

Jack—"Yes, Uncle, I know that."

Dr. Stubbs—"And the interest of this money was to be used in providing for you and Rose, and in keeping up the estates."

Jack—"Exactly, I understand." (Seated at table.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Then again, your aunt and myself were to have a home at Lakeside until you were of age."

Jack—"Yes, Uncle, a home always, if you wish."

Dr. Stubbs—"Bless you my boy, bless you!" (Aside.) "Now is my time." (To Jack.) "At first, Jack, the dividends were paid regularly, and from the amount you received your usual quarterly allowance."

Jack—"Yes, Uncle, I did."

Dr. Stubbs—"And the rest was used accordingly. But there came a time, Jack, when they failed to materialize. I didn't have the heart to tell you of it then. Your aunt and Rose were also kept in ignorance, because I knew they would worry."

Jack—"Well?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Then was the time it came hard on me."

Jack—"Yes."

Dr. Stubbs—"And only through my loving care and fatherly interest, did I retain the estates and keep you in college, though I deprived myself of many necessities, expecting that in time matters would be put to right."

Jack (aside)—"What does this mean, I wonder. (To Dr. Stubbs) "Had I known this, Uncle, I would have returned home."

Dr. Stubbs—"I knew you would my dear boy, I knew you would, and that is the reason I said nothing."

Jack (getting interested)—"Well, how did it turn out eventually?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, Jack, a little while after news came of—of"



Jack—"Of what, Uncle?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, Jack! it breaks my heart to tell you this bad news."

Jack—"Tell the worst, Uncle; I am ready for anything."

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, Jack, in the downfall of the mines"—

Jack—"Downfall of the mines?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Your money was lost."

Jack—"Lost! My God, I am ruined!"

Dr. Stubbs—"Tut! tut! tut! Calm yourself, my dear boy, calm yourself. Each pin thrust in your heart is as a dagger in my own. My heart burns with sympathy, dear boy, for you. I must have fresh air—I must have fresh air." (Falls back to center. Aside.) "I know his nature. He will soon forget it."

(Jack throws himself into chair, head on table. Sitting upright.) Jack—"Little did I dream such news as this awaited my return. An hour ago I was happy and full of hope; now the pangs of sorrow have entered my heart and are burning like brands of fire. I can see nothing but a dark and clouded future. Poor sister Rose! What will she do? She must not know—for a while, at least, and if worse comes to worse I will provide a home for her by the sweat of my brow. O, Belle! Belle! all our hopes are blasted by a single blow. Four long years you have waited patiently for me and this is your reward. Too bad! too bad!" (Throws his head on table. Belle is heard singing outside.) "She is coming! How sweet her voice sounds! But she must not see me in this mood." (Enter Belle.)

Belle—"Why, Jack, you here alone? I thought your Uncle Phineas was with you?"

Jack (avoiding her)—"He was, Belle, a moment ago. He must have gone out to get the fresh air. (At the door.) Yes, I can see him now, walking with Dick and Rose in the shade of the old oaks."

Belle—"Why Jack, what makes you look so pale, are you ill?"

Jack—"No, Belle, I'm a trifle unstrung, that's all. Perhaps from the long journey. I need rest. (Takes book from table and goes to sofa.)

Belle (aside)—What a change has come over him. Something is the matter; I must find out what it is. (To Jack.) "Jack, why do you act so strangely and try to avoid me when I speak to you? Tell me, has anything gone wrong?"

Jack—"Why to you ask that, Belle?"

(Enters William and conceals himself behind screen.)

Belle—"Your actions and your very countenance betray you, and if you are in trouble, is it not my right to know it?"

Jack—"Perhaps so, Belle, but such trouble as mine, if you knew it, might cause you unhappiness, and that would be unnecessary."

Belle—"No! It would be more of a reason for my knowing."

Jack—"Why so, Belle?"

Belle—"That I may bear its weight with you."

Jack—"Bless you, Belle; you are a dear, brave girl, but I cannot drag you into the depths of my misery; I love you too much for that. Henceforth treat me as a friend—a heart-broken friend."

Belle—"Jack Dellford, what do you mean?"

Jack—"I mean, Belle, that you have been kind and loving; unfaltering in your patience. You have been my heart and soul—yes, my very life—and to reward you—O Belle! Belle! I cannot say it."

Belle—"Speak, Jack! Such words as those must not go spoken without some explanation."

Jack (taking seat by table)—"Sit here beside me, Belle, and I will tell you." (Belle kneels by Jack's side.) "When my poor father died just five years ago this month, he left Rose and myself with a handsome property, as you very well know."

Belle—"Yes, Jack."

Jack—"With 'Lakeside'—my own portion of the estate—and 'The Elms' left to Rose, there were thirty thousand pounds at interest in American copper mine stock—an investment my dear father swore by." (Hesitating thoughtfully.)

Belle—"Yes, Jack, go on."

Jack—"His last request was that this money should remain as he had placed it until I was of age."

Belle—"Yes."

Jack—"Then I could do with it as I wished; but for the best interests of Rose and myself, advised me not to touch it even then, so long as it continued a profitable investment."

Belle—"And you did take his advice, Jack?"

Jack—"Yes, Belle, I did. I always took his advice, and never failed to come out right, but this time there was a mistake."

Belle—"A mistake, Jack? Why, what do you mean?"

Jack—"Well, Belle, in my letter home, the day I was twenty-one, I asked if the money was all right and doing well."

Belle—"And they told you it was, of course?"

Jack—"Yes, Belle, they did."

Belle—"Well, Jack!"

Jack—"And I heard nothing more from it until I reached home to-day."

Belle—"Then what did you learn, Jack?"

Jack—"I learned, Belle"—(hesitating.)

Belle—"Yes, Jack, go on."

Jack—"That the mines had failed and the money was lost!"

Belle—"Lost!" (Crying.) "O Jack! Jack!"

Jack—"There is nothing left now but the estates, and with nothing to keep them up they will soon go. I am ruined! I am ruined!"

Belle—"When did this loss occur, Jack?"

Jack—"I do not know that, Belle. Uncle Phineas did not say."

Belle (aside)—"His uncle told him? This is strange." (To Jack.) "Jack, do you think I would allow poverty to come between us? No, never!"

Jack—"O Belle! Belle! You know not what you say."

Belle—"I do, and I mean it! It is you that I love, not the riches you have lost." (Aside.) "Something is wrong here. What did William mean when he told me to watch close after the master's uncle?" (To Jack.) "Jack, I cannot think but what this is a mistake. Is it possible you might have been deceived?"

Jack—"Deceived? Belle do you think Uncle Phineas would lie to me?"

William (appearing from behind screen)—"Ahem!"

Belle—"Why William!"

Jack—"William what are you doing here?"

William—"I beg the pardon of Master Jack and his lady for coming here. It is not the likes of me to be prowling 'round-sneak-like, listening to what the likes of other peoples have to say. But as me bruther use to say, I'm not the man to shirk me duty, and I felt it an absolute necessity to listen to the conversation of Master Jack and his lady."

Jack—"For what reason William?"

William—"Your Uncle Phineas, Master Jack, has been acting strangely this morning, sometimes like he was crazy. Getting away by himself to speak to himself, with eyes and ears on the look out for the likes of other people."

Jack—"Well what of it?"

William—"Well I was passing by the door when I see him shaking his head and swinging his arms and I stopped."

Jack—"Yes, go on."

William—"Then he sat down and spoke to himself like this: 'Let me see' says he 'Lakeside or Master Jack's share of the estates, I will not attempt to take from him.'"

Jack—"Take it from me?"

William—"That's what he said."

Belle—"What did I tell you Jack?"

Jack—"Go on William, what more did he say?"



William—" ' But ' says he, ' The Elms, or Rose's proportion I will keep, pretending such will about cover my personal debt claim.' "

Jack—" Personal claim ! "

Belle—" Jack something is wrong here. "

Jack—" I believe you Belle. My money lost and sister Rose to be cheated out of her inheritance to satisfy my Uncle's personal claim. What does it mean? Something is wrong. What more did you hear William? "

William—" Well it's hard tellin' Master Jack, it's hard tellin'. Shure it was afterwards I heard him speak of that prize bill, to cover up his sins. "

Jack—" Cover up his sins? "

William—" Yis and the bloody thing will drive him crazy yet. He is stuck somewhere, on it and is after getting Master Jack and his friend to help him out. "

Jack—" You heard nothing more William? "

William—" That's all in me mind at present Master Jack, and may the likes of you and me lady forgive me for listening to your conversation. "

Jack—" Yes William, but remember and keep this to yourself. "

William—" To be sure I will. " (Exit William.)

Belle—" Jack you must confront your uncle with this at once. He is playing a deceitful part. "

Jack—" It appears so Belle, but I cannot accuse him of this villainous deed until I know the absolute truth. He may have lost my money, but he never shall take Rose's property away from her—Never if I can help it. Dick shall assist him in completing his bill at the same time he must strive to unearth his plot. If he is playing a deceitful part he must be punished. " (Enter Dick and Rose.)

Rose—" Oh Belle I have something to tell you. "

Belle—" Well then let us go into the garden and talk it over. "

Rose—" It is such a charming day and I feel so happy. "

Jack—" Happy! the dear girl does not know what is in store for her. I wish I could share her happiness. "

Dick—" Why old boy, what has gone wrong with you? "

Jack—" Everything is wrong Dick and nothing is right. "

Dick—" What's up now? "

Jack (aside)—" I must be careful what I say. " (To Dick.) " Well, Dick, I have reason to believe that Uncle is not sincere in regard to this prohibitory bill of his; that he is merely advocating its passage as a method by which he may blind others from wrong deeds he is suspected of perpetrating. "

Dick—" What! You don't suspect him of any crime, I hope? "

Jack—"Sh, sh." (Looking cautiously around.) "If what evidence I possess proves to be the truth it can be called crime, and nothing else."

Dick—"Then you will expose him at once?"

Jack—"Not at once, Dick, and by all means prevent a public exposure. I will bear the weight of his deeds rather than have the disgrace brought upon my innocent Aunt, over whose eyes I am positive he is pulling the wool. I wish to make the exposure to her, then she can do as she thinks best. She believes him sincere in striving to suppress prize fighting; I know he is not, and she must be made to believe the truth. An exposure here may cause a confession of other misdeeds."

Dick—"That is true, old boy, that is true; but how shall it be done?"

Jack—"That is the question, Dick—how? He must be found out one way or another, and whatever is done must be done immediately and with great caution. If he is guilty, he must suffer; if innocent, he will be none the wiser of our efforts." (Thoughtfully.) "Let me see. How shall we go at it?"

Dick—"I have a plan we might try."

Jack—"What is that?"

Dick—"Your Uncle was talking to me only a moment ago regarding his bill, and asked my aid in bringing it to completion. Now, if we could induce him to enter the ring in a friendly contest, in some remote corner where he would not be seen, with the idea that I should explain the details of every movement as he performed them, his opponent—of course a stranger—might make it so interesting for him as to cause him to forget his true purpose and naturally the contest would end in just what he pretends to term disgraceful."

Jack—"What! A fight with the gloves?"

Dick—"Exactly, and your aunt would hear of it soon enough no doubt."

Jack (aside)—"Can I consent to this? Yes I will, there can be no harm done."

Dick—"Well old boy what do you say?"

Jack—"A capital idea Dick, if it can only be carried out."

Dick—"We can try; but where shall it take place?"

Jack—"Easy enough. I will secure a room at Buxton Club. You take the matter into your own hands, so to speak, and I will back you in whatever you undertake. That is, I will be your silent partner, and will keep in the shade to avoid suspicion. Tomorrow I will take a run into London to consult legal advice, at the same time I will secure a man for our purpose."

Dick—"Good!"

(Enter Belle, Rose and Dr. Stubbs.) Rose—"Jack, dear, uncle

has invited us all to go over to 'The Elms' tomorrow on a picnic. Isn't that fine?

Jack—"That would be a very enjoyable time no doubt Rose, but I shall have to decline uncle's invitation as I have important business tomorrow out of town." (Jack and Belle throw their heads up indignantly at the Doctor. Rose is very much astonished, while the others display sort of an understanding air.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT II.—Scene I.

(Three days elapse between first and second acts.)

(SCENE—Should represent study. Dr. Stubbs seated at desk very busily writing. Chairs, table, etc., distributed about room.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, Jack is in London, it seems, on business." Perhaps to see about selling the estates at the first price offered him. Then—well, he may buy a small farm, marry Belle and settle down to quiet life. It can't be he has detected my plot to swindle him. Oh no, it can't be he has gone for that. He treated me rather coolly after I told him of the loss—yes, the loss. Ha! ha! ha! A bright idea—the loss. Well, that should be natural. He thinks, no doubt, I have been a trifle careless with his money, and is put out because I neglected to notify him before. Perfectly natural, perfectly natural. I would be cool myself under the same circumstances." (Writing.) "It was a fortunate move when I sold out in the mines and reinvested in Bell Telephone, then forgot to speak to him about it. Yes, forgot to. Ha! ha! ha! Another bright idea. He knows that the mines have failed and believes his money was lost. That's all very well. Let him think so." (Looks at watch.) "It is getting late. I must hasten with my sermon, or I fear it will not be done in time for Sunday, and to-day—is Friday. Mr. Mason will be in soon to talk more about his plan to assist me. It is an excellent idea of his, but my wife must not know. When he comes I will caution him about keeping the matter to himself." (Goes to writing. Enter Dick, center, with gloves.)

Dick (aside)—"He is playing the villian, it seems. My little scheme was not so difficult to work as I expected, and now, Brother Stubbs, before the rising of another sun, your people may have the satisfaction of seeing you caught in your own trap." (To Dr. Stubbs.) "Ah! good evening, Dr. Stubbs."

Dr. Stubbs—"Good evening, Mr. Mason, good evening.

Dick—"Rather lonesome about with Jack away."

Dr. Stubbs—"Quite so, Mr. Mason, quite so. Jack is a dear good boy and excellent company, and without his presence the place seems very gloomy, very gloomy."

Dick (aside)—"He thinks so, no doubt." (To Dr. Stubbs.) "Yes, Dr. Stubbs, that is so, and we had many plans for the week, and his having to be away has quite broken them up. However, business before pleasure always. Yet, I truly hope he will not be detained long in London."



Dr. Stubbs—"Let me see. Two days in London, should be ample time to transact what business he has, and one day to go and come. That would bring him home to-morrow night.

Dick (aside)—"I'm glad he thinks so."

Dr. Stubbs—"It is possible I may be timing him incorrectly, but that is my judgment Mr. Mason, that is my judgment."

Dick (aside)—"I admire his judgment. (To Dr. Stubbs.) Your judgment is very encouraging I'm sure, and I trust it will not fall wide of its mark, for I really feel lost without him. However, Dr. Stubbs, this will give us an excellent opportunity to visit Buxton Club tonight, and carry out our plans without being obliged to answer the inquiries of anyone.

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's so, that's so."

Dick (aside)—"The old reprobate."

Dr. Stubbs—"Have you arranged the hour of meeting, Mr. Mason?"

Dick—"That's what I came to tell you. Eight o'clock sharp. The gentleman who is to assist us will be there at that time."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, I hope so."

Dick—"And here Dr. Stubbs is a pair of gloves such as will be used this evening. Perhaps it would be well to put them on, before you go down, just to get acquainted with the bungling things, and limber up your arms, by moving them up and down, and in and out in this way. (Dick goes through the movements.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, perhaps I better, I will, Mr. Mason, I will."

Dick (aside)—"If his wife should catch him though, the game would be up. I'll caution him. (To Dr. Stubbs.) Keep them out of sight doctor. Don't let a soul get a glimpse of them, if they should we are found out sure."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's so, that's so. I will be careful Mr. Mason, I will be careful."

Dick—"I will start now to see that the coast is clear, and arrange the room for business.

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's right, do so."

Dick (Taking leave)—"Then I will see you later. Good bye."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, good bye sir, good bye." (Goes to writing.)

Dick (aside at the door)—"If I can once get him by the club house doors without being seen, I'll make him confess his sins or die in the attempt." (Exit.)

Dr. Stubbs (soliloquizing)—"Strange I should allow myself to put such perfect confidence in this young friend of Jack's. If my wife hears of this, she will never forgive me as long as she lives. No never. But she will not know. Mr. Mason quite understands my position, and I feel that he will take particular pains to be cautious. Then matters are so arranged, there is no possible chance of its leaking out."

(Looks about the room to see that no one is around, then comes back and looks at the gloves on the table.) "What strange looking things they are." (Takes them up.) "Why they are just as soft as pillows. No wonder the boys like to play with them, I would myself. I should think it would be excellent exercise. But the great trouble is they always get mad when they play, and I have been told that it is very bad for the eyes and causes severe hemorrhages from the nose." (Putting gloves on.) "Perhaps I better not make my exercise too violent. I'll practice just a little." (Goes through several movements.) "There, that will do, I guess. Now I will be on time at the club, obtain such information necessary to complete my bill, return home at an early hour and none other than Mr. Mason and myself will be the wiser for it." (Enters Mrs. Stubbs with crochet work.)

Mrs. Stubbs—"None the wiser for it! For what, Dr. Stubbs?" (The Dr. throws one glove off behind him.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Er—I—yes, my dear; I was just saying in my bill that these prize fights occurs in hundreds of places every day and the public is none the wiser for it."

Mrs. Stubbs—"What has Mr. Mrson to do with it, pray tell." (Taking seat by table.)

Dr. Stubbs (taking up paper)—"Ahem! Er—yes—I—there, I shall be getting everybody's name in this paper if I don't take care." (Tears up paper.) "I have been trying to write, my dear, while Mr. Mason was talking."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Mr. Mason! Has he been here?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Ahem! Well—yes, yes, my dear, he has." (Aside.) "You can't catch an old fly."

Mrs. Stubbs—"And where is he now?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Gone to get ready—ahem!—I mean, my dear, he has gone to hunt up the girls."

Mrs. Stubbs—"The girls are in the drawing room, Dr. Stubbs, reading."

Dr. Stubbs—"They are? Well, now, that is too bad. He will go all over the estate, no doubt before he comes back here again."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Dr. Stubbs, I think you have studied too hard this afternoon. You had better rest." (Walks towards the Dr.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear, you are right. I think I have. I will rest." (Mrs. Stubbs follows him up and he tried to conceal the glove.)

Mrs. Stubbs—"Is your sermon completed for Sunday, Dr. Stubbs?"

Dr. Stubbs (keeping glove behind him)—"Yes, yes, my dear, it is all done."

Mrs. Stubbs—"And there is nothing else on hand until next week?"

Mr. Stubbs—"Nothing, my dear, that I know of; no. (Mrs. Stubbs



turns away and Dr. says aside.) “Nothing except this damned glove! And that’s on hand forever, I guess.” (Tries to remove it.)

Mrs. Stubbs (turning around)—“I am so glad; you can take a nice rest until then.” (Goes to work.)

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, yes, so I can.” (Aside.) Oh! oh! this is horrible.” (To Mrs. Stubbs.) “My dear, are you aware of the fact that Mary Ann is becoming very negligent about her duties in the house?” (Pointing to the ceiling.) “Just see what an abundance of cobwebs there are up there.”

Mrs. Stubbs (keeping her eyes on the Dr.)—“Yes, Dr. Stubbs, I saw them this morning, and spoke to her about it, but I guess it slipped her memory. I will remind her of it again to-morrow.”

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, yes, I would.” (Mrs. Stubbs walks a few steps away.) (Aside, impatiently.) “O, what shall I do!” (In trying to remove the glove Mrs. Stubbs looks up and sees it on his hand.)

Mrs. Stubbs—“Mercy, Dr. Stubbs! what is that thing on your hand?”

Dr. Stubbs—“There, there, my dear! It was my intentions to show you this peculiar piece of ingenuity. This is what they call in America ‘The Editors’ Blotter.’” (He holds it in his left hand while he writes with the other.) “Mr. Mason left it here for me to try.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“What a queer looking thing it is. Does it work well?” (Taking seat.)

Dr. Stubbs—“Charmingly, my dear, charmingly!” (Aside.) “That was a close call.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“I never saw one like it before.”

Dr. Stubbs—“And I never did either, my dear.” (Aside.) “And I never want to see another.” (Removes glove at last, reclining in chair, then looks at watch. Aside.) “It is drawing near the time when I must go.” (Looks at wife.) “She appears to have come to stay. How shall I escape her? I’ll try.” (To Mrs. Stubbs.) “My dear, did you not think the girls might be lonesome away by themselves?”

Mrs. Stubbs—“That is so I did not think. Let us go and sit with them.” (Rising.)

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, yes, my dear we will. (Turning to desk. Aside) This is terrible. I must not be late. (To Mrs. Stubbs.) My dear you go in and tell them I am coming. I have thought of a new idea and must put it down before I forget it.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“You must not write any more to night Dr. Stubbs. You are all tired out now. However I will let you write that much, then we will go in with the girls.” (Sits down.)

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—“What shall I do?” (He writes and she works.) (Enter William.)

William—"Ahem!"

Mrs. Stubbs—"What is it William?"

William—"A vagabond at the door wishes me to ask me lady, if she will favor him with the price of a night's lodging at Stoneham Inn."

Mrs. Stubbs—"A shilling. Dr. Stubbs have you that much about you?"

Dr. Stubbs (putting hand in pocket)—"Yes my dear I think I have. I am always glad to help the poor. (Gives money to her.) (Aside.) If my fountain of genorosity keeps on flowing I shall certainly be a poor man."

Mrs. Stubbs—"I will go and see the poor fellow myself, he may be hungry." (Exit William and Mrs. Stubbs.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Now is my time. (Taking off dressing gown.) I must hurry, she may come back and catch me. (Putting on coat.) If she should catch me. (Getting cane.) Where is my hat? (Finds it at last, starts to leave, when wife comes back.) Too late."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Why Dr. Stubbs where are you going?"

Dr. Stubbs—"My dear it has just occurred to me that there is a meeting of the Professors in Berkshire Chapel this evening, and I promised to be there and talk over missionary affairs in China."

Mrs. Stubbs—"A meeting of the professors, hey?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Rather late in the day to think of such important business as that, is it not?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, yes, my dear, rather, but I will have Michael drive me down, and if he hurries a bit I will not be late."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Michael is going to drive out with the girls this evening, Dr. Stubbs. You will have to put Jerry in use this time."

Dr. Stubbs—"Very well, my dear, I will. Good bye.

Mrs. Stubbs—"Good bye, Dr. Stubbs. I shall wait up for you." (Sitting down to work.)

Dr. Stubbs—"O no, no, my dear; you are a dear, thoughtful woman, really, but it will not be necessary to wait up, unless you really wish to, but I wouldn't if I were you. It may be quite late when I return."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Well, I'll see, Dr. Stubbs."

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"I will walk from the Chapel. They will never know the difference." (Exit.)

Mrs. Stubbs (watching from the door)—"How strangely the Doctor behaves of late. I believe this bill of his is wearing upon his mind, and if I don't do something soon I fear it will be too late. He is certainly a changed man."

## Scene II.

(SCENE—Street scene.)

(Enter Professor Wade, with characteristic swagger of tough. Hat cocked over eye. Smoking cigar.) Prof. Wade—"I'm a bloody, blooming, bleeding sport, eh fellers!" (Puffing.) "I'll make me mark in dis world." (Puffing.) An' I won't jump hoff no bridge ter make it, either, eh fellers!" (More puffing.) "Been hinvited hup ter do a chump what's puttin' de shutters on de biz." (Sneering laugh.) "Ic'n do 'im, too, eh fellers! He's ter draw de bloomin' line on prize fightin'. His he? Well, thumpin' chumps his hont o' me class, but I'll jest go 'im one in dis case, eh fellers! Big ain't hup to de chalk or I'd show me teeth hat de hoffer. I'll jest put hon me mits an' give 'im a dead game o' play for a five pounder, eh fellers!" (Puffing.)

"De Norway spider ain't hin hit wid me,  
I c'n land hon his blooming hear,  
And Mitchell, de blood, is no earthly use;  
If I can't do 'im cold, it's queer.

I'm a poet, eh fellers! I c'n dance, too, but I ain't got hon de proper foot caper, an' I won't dance. Got a voice like a bird. I c'n sing yer ter sleep hin two jiffs. If yer'd like ter 'ear me just 'old yer posish an' I'll warble a bit just to show yer." (Puffing. Sings song: When finished looks up and down the street.) "Wonder w'ere dey put dat bloomin' club 'ouse w'en dey made hit. De streets 'ere ain't made hon de London plan." (Sees some one coming.) "'Ere comes one of de natives. I'll shake 'im hup for a pointer." (Enter Dr. Stubbs, left, hurridly.) "Say, cuffy"—

Dr. Stubbs—"What do you wish to communicate, sir; I am in a hurry."

Prof. Wade—"I feel hit me duty, hold crab, ter inform yer dat yer won't going' 'alf so fast as yer would 'ave been going' hif yer was goin' twice has fast."

Dr. Stubbs—"How hoes my hurrying concern you, sir? You insult me. I will not talk to you." (Starts to go.)

Prof. Wade—"Look er 'ere, spoony! I wan't ter ask yer a question." (Offering cigar.) "Ave a draw?"

Dr. Stubbs (taking cigar)—"Yes, yes, thank you, my dear sir; I will smoke it later in the evening."

Prof. Wade—"I tought so. Look out for hit, hits loaded."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's all right; I will. What can I do for you?"

Prof. Wade—"Tell me w'ere's the Buxton Club 'Ouse."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's where I"—(aside.) "'That' where I'm going. He must not see me enter." (To Prof. Wade.) "Let me see; two streets to the left, right hand side."

Prof. Wade—"Tanks. Will yer go round de corner for a bun?"



Dr. Stubbs---"Bun, sir? I don't quite comprehend your meaning." (Prof. Wade strikes tipping attitude.) "I don't mind, sir; its very warm. I need something to brace me up." (Exit Prof. Wade and Dr. Stubbs arm in arm. Scene opens in club room.)

### Scene III.

(SCENE—Should represent plain room. screen at side. Four chairs in center of room, with rope attached to each, to form square. Dick arranging rope to suit his taste.)

Dick—"This business reminds me of old college days. One of my favorite pranks too. How many times Jack and I have turned our room into a prize ring, for the benefit of two would-be pugilists, who chose to settle some trifling dispute with the gloves; but which ended eventually in an all round pillow fight, and a message from the faculty to make less noise or suffer the consequences." (Laughing.) "Ah, those were good old times, ever to be remembered." (Tying rope on chair.) "There I guess that will stand the pressure, and I hope there will be pressure enough to test it." (Laughing.) "I expect this will be a regular circus. Now for the gloves." (Getting gloves and inspecting them.) "They seem to be in good condition." (Putting them on.) "They're no feather beds either." (Fisting the air.) "O wouldn't I like to cross-counter the old man and land on his jaw. Ugh!" (Striking rapidly into space.) (A specialty can go in here.)

(Enter Belle and Rose hurriedly) Rose—"O Mr. Mason we thought we would surely be late."

Belle—"Yes, and we made Michael drive as fast as ever he could."

Dick—"You are in very good season, girls. There is plenty of time yet before the show begins. The gentleman from London has not arrived yet, and Dr. Stubbs will not be here before eight o'clock anyway."

Belle—"And perhaps not then, Mr. Mason."

Dick—"Why, Miss Ashton? Do you think he will disappoint us?"

Belle—"I really do not know how he intends to manage it, but we heard him tell Mrs. Stubbs he was going to a meeting of the Professors in Berkshire Chapel to-night."

Dick—"Meeting of the Professors! Berkshire Chapel!"

Rose—"Yes, and he said it would be late when he came home and for Aunty not to wait up for him."

Dick—"Well, now, I like this. Meeting of the Professors! Berkshire Chapel! That's a nice way to get out of it. If that man fails to put in an appearance here to-night I'll blow on him before I go to bed. I'll blow on him anyway for lying to Mrs. Stubbs."

Rose (resentfully)—"Mr. Mason please be careful how you accuse my Uncle of falsehood. Perhaps he intends going to the chapel and getting excused to come here. I never knew him to tell a lie."

(Walks indignantly away, goes behind screen and pretends to cry aloud.)

Dick—"There, there, there, I've put my foot in it now: that is too bad. Miss Rose!" (No reply. Cries louder.)

Belle (aside)—"Be careful what you say. She knows nothing of Jack's trouble, or the real purpose for which her Uncle is coming here."

Dick—"That's so; I forgot. I must make amends." (Starts for screen.) "Miss Rose!" (No reply.) "Miss Rose! I"—(Rose dodges out as he goes in.) "Where are you?" (Dick comes out; she goes in.) "I"—(facing audience.) "Well, now, I am really fond of chasing the squirrel; I'll try my luck at catching her." (Chases her around screen twice, catches her and both walk to center, Rose with handkerchief to her face.)

Dick—"Miss Rose, I—you—please accept my apologies."

Rose (pretending to cry)—"No!"

Dick—"But Miss Rose, I certainly did not intend to call your uncle a—er—a"—

Rose—"Well, you just the same as called him a—er—a—a"—(pretending to cry.)

Dick—"Really, I did not think how it was going to sound, Miss Rose. I"—

Rose—"I never will forgive you." (Smiling to audience.)

Dick—"Why, Miss Rose, you really don't think I believe your uncle is a---er---a---would tell a falsehood, do you?"

Rose---"Yes, I do."

Dick (aside)---"By Jove, I believe she is a mind reader." (To Rose.) "Won't you forgive me, Rose?"

Rose---"No!"

Dick---"Miss Rose I mean?"

Rose---"No!"

(Prof. Wade raps loudly on the door.)

Dick---"Quick! some one is coming."

Rose---"I don't care!"

Dick---"Say you will forgive me."

Rose---"No!"

(Prof. Wade raps again.)

Dick---"Then get behind that screen quick. You must not be seen." (Belle and Rose go behind screen. Aside.) "That girl is as stubborn as something I used to own with four legs and two ears." (More rapping.) "Come in!" (Enter Prof. Wade.)

Prof. Wade---"Dis his de way yer treat a man o' my shade, his hit? Why don't yer open de door wen a feller knocks an' not stand by 'an 'owl 'come in?'" Ain't used ter dat kind o' reception."

Dick---“I beg your pardon, Mr.”---

Prof. Wade---“Wade, hif yer please. Say, I am one of nine o’ me mudder’s brats, an’ de older dey go de tougher dey git; I am de holdest, eh fellers!”

Dick---“I understand, Mr. Wade.”

Prof. Wade---“Prof. Wade, if yer please.”

Dick---“O yes, pardon me; I am stupid. Ahem! Prof. Wade I wish to apologise for”---

Prof. Wade---“No ’pologies. De next time hopen de door or send de butler ter do hit. I am a bit particular on dat point an’ mus’ ’ave de proper service like all men of me class, eh fellers!” (Girls peep over screen.)

Dick---“Yes, Prof., I quite understand now I”---(motioning for girls to get down.) “Yes, I will remember and do so another time I”---(montioning to girls. Wade looks around, don’t see anything.)

Prof. Wade---“Wot’s de matter wid yer? Yer feel ’em comin’ hon?”

Dick---“O no, Mr. Wade, I was just”---(motioning again to girls. Wade looks around and sees nothing.)

Prof. Wade---“Look er ’ere, Cuffy, hif dis his a game of hyponotize I c’n just give yer a bloody pointer on de biz. Hits hall right wid de girl wots got de peach of a foot, but it don’t push any fog wid me, eh fellers!” (Girls commence to giggle.)

Dick (aside)---“Confound those girls. I’d like to choke them. (Girls giggle again and tough sees hat above screen )

Prof. Wade---“Wot his dis, an insane assylum, or are yer runnin’ a ’en show. I just see somethin’ a roostin’ on de top of dat screen.”

Dick (aside)---“I’ll fix them.” (To Prof. Wade.) “Prof. Wade. I shall have to explain. I have some friends who wished to see the boxing this evening, so I invited them in.”

Rose (aside)---“O I would like to ring his neck.”

Dick---“And as they did not wish to be seen by the other gentlemen, who must not know of their presence, I placed them behind there.” (Pointing to screen.)

Prof. Wade---“Dat’s hall right wid de other sports, but yer can’t pull de sheep hover my eyes, eh fellers!”

Dick---“That was not my object, Prof. Wade. I merely wished to hide them from”---(Belle and Rose come from behind screen.) “Ladies, this is Prof. Wade, the gentleman whom Jack has sent from London to show Dr. Stubbs the latest points and ideas on pugilism.”

Belle and Rose (bowing)---“Prof. Wade.”

Prof. Wade---“Howdoir, girls.”

Dick---“Prof. Wade is an expert boxer and if you will take particular



notice this evening you will see that I do not compare with experts, for all of Jack's effusive praise."

Rose---"His effusion of praise, Mr. Mason, is none the less convincing of your expertness than your own display of self confidence."

Dick---"Well, now, I like that. That means that I am conceited, does it, Miss Rose Dellford?"

Rose---"Yes, it does, Mr. Dick Mason."

Belle---"Why, Rose, I hope Mr. Mason's remark about your uncle has not brought you at sword's points with him "

Rose---"It isn't that. He should not have told Prof. Wade we were here. If uncle knows of it he will never forgive us."

Prof. Wade---"De yer tink I'd blow hon yer, Miss? Well, I guess not. I come from de class wot don't blow, eh fellers!"

Dick---"It was no more my own fault than yours. You should not have shown yourself above the screen."

Rose---"Well, I wanted to see."

Dick---"And you did see?"

Rose---"Yes."

Dick---"And you were seen?"

Rose---"Yes."

Dick---"Well!"

Rose---"But it was your fault. Prof. Wade never would have seen us if you had not waved your hand."

Prof. Wade---"Look er 'ere now, yer better put hon de mits," (offering gloves) "an' settle dis question right now. I'll see fair play." (Rose throws up her head and turns away with Belle talking to her.) "Dis ain't gettin' down ter biz. W'eres de chump wot goin' ter get tumped, eh?"

Dick---"Dr. Stubbs should be here now. It is ten minutes over the time, but no doubt he will have a good excuse for his tardiness. There is the dressing room and it is safe to say he will be here by the time you are ready."

Prof. Wade---"Yer don't tink he'll show de white fedder, de yer?"

Dick---"Oh no, Prof. Wade, he will be here without doubt and you want to look out for him. He pretends not to know anything about this business, but I think he is a terror."

Prof. Wade---"Terror, eh? "Well, I can do 'im, eh fellers?" (Exit Prof. Wade.)

Dick---"Ha! ha! ha! That man is about as tough as they make them."

Rose (Bell and Rose come from behind scene)—"I should think you would laugh, Mr. Mason. The language of that man is truly shocking."

Dick—"Just as well laugh as cry. I cannot help his language, and so long as he serves the purpose we've got to put up with him."

Belle—"Yes, Rose, we must be patient. This is all for your uncle's good. Prof. Wade comes of the very class he is trying to defeat, and that is the reason it has been so difficult for him to proceed with his petition; but now he has found a way out of it we must have patience. Come, let us try. It will soon be over." (Rose yields and the two girls start for screen. Dr. Stubbs is heard coming in the hall.)

Dick—"Hurry, he is coming." (Enter Dr. Stubbs hurriedly.) "Why, Dr. Stubbs, I thought you had changed your mind about coming. It is eight o'clock and fifteen minutes. Prof. Wade has been here this half hour and is now in the dressing room."

Dr. Stubbs—"I beg to be pardoned, my dear boy, for not being more prompt. I had some very important business to attend to at home and I did not realize how fast the time went by. I trust my lateness has not put you or Prof. Wade to any inconvenience."

Dick—"Not at all, sir, not at all." (Dr. Stubbs turns to place his hat and cane aside. Dick aside.) "Important business! Meeting of the Professors! Berkshire Chapel! And she never knew her uncle to tell a lie. O this is"—

Dr. Stubbs—"Everything is in readiness, is it, Mr. Mason?"

Dick—"Everything is, yes, sir, excepting that I wish to say a few words to you regarding the Professor."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, I am ready to listen."

Dick—"You see, Dr. Stubbs, this man is accustomed to very severe punishment, and what hard blows you may see fit to give him he will hardly be able to feel. So have no fear that you might injure him or cause him any pain whatever. He is use to it."

Dr. Stubbs—"But, my dear boy, I hope it is not your intention to have me strike the Professor even the slightest blow?"

Dick—"In order to derive a clear idea, Dr. Stubbs, of the brutality that developes in a 'round,' as it is termed, it will be necessary to strike the heaviest blow you are capable of. Then you will see how easy it is for absolutely sane contestants to lose their heads and become more like mad men in the end, inflicting upon each other most brutal punishment. There is the point you desire to reach, Dr. Stubbs, and there is the best and only method for reaching it properly. Strike out and do not be afraid."

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, well, Mr. Mason, if you think best I will do so, but"—

Dick—"Of course you are not supposed to know the science of hitting dazing blows, but do the best you can. The Prof. has had his instructions and he will understand it all."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, my dear boy, I hope he will." (Enter Prof. Wade.) "We are quite ready to commence then, are we not?"

Dick—"Yes, we are all ready, and this is your opponent, Prof. Wade, Dr. Stubbs."

Dr. Stubbs (turning to shake the Professor's hand)—"My dear sir, I am delighted to see you. I"—(recognizing him.) "Why—I"—

Prof. Wade—"Seen me before, eh?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Sh—sh—why—er—yes, sir, I—er—I have seen you somewhere, yes, sir."

Prof. Wade—"Well, 'ow did yer make hout hon de smoke, eh?"

Dr. Stubbs—"O my dear sir, don't say anything more, I beg of you, don't"—(giving him a bank note.) "Here, take this."

Prof. Wade—"Tanks. We'll 'ave anodder bun w'en de biz his hover."

Dr. Stubbs—"O Professor, don't expose me to this man. He must not know that I have seen him." (Giving him more money.) "Here your shall have all the change you want, but don't speak of this again, I beg of you don't, don't, don't." (Turns away.)

Prof. Wade—"This is a regular pud, eh fellers?" (Rolls money up and puts in pocket.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Let us commence at once, Mr. Mason. It is getting late."

Dick—"Whenever you say, Dr. Stubbs, I am ready to call time, but I would suggest first that you remove your cuffs and neckwear. You can manage so much better, you know."

Dr. Stubbs—"You think it is necessary I"—

Prof. Wade—"Take em hoff or dey'll get soiled."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, perhaps I better, I will." (Removing cuffs and collar.)

Dick—"And your coat, Dr. Stubbs, will be right in the way."

Dr. Stubbs—"But, my dear boy, I"—

Prof. Wade—"Take it hoff."

Dr. Stubbs—"O yes, I am going to." (Removes coat.)

Prof. Wade—"And de vest wid it."

Dr. Stubbs—"O don't, don't, Professor!"

Prof. Wade—"I'll give dis man a pointer"—

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, I will." (Removing vest. Aside.) "This is outrageous."

Dick—"Now I guess we are ready."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, I hope so, I hope so."

Prof. Wade—"Look er 'ere, I ain't in de 'abit of puttin' hon de mits wid dem wots wears a shinny front ter dazzel me eyes. Show yer makin' now an' take hoff dat shirt."

Dr. Stubbs—"Sir, this is going too far. I cannot and shall not



yield to this last request. Mr. Mason, I beseech of you—on my knees I beg of you to end these outrageous proceedings at once. Will you not?" (Dick is silent.)

Rose (behind screen to Belle)---"Belle, I cannot stand this any longer." (She is quieted by Belle.)

Dick—"Dr. Stubbs, I am afraid you take this matter too much at heart. You appear as if your conscience troubled you."

Dr. Stubbs---"It does, it does; I did not expect this. What if my wife knew of this? What if this should reach the ears of the public? O, Mr. Mason, stop it now, stop it now."

Rose---"O dear, I wish I was home." (Belle quiets her again.)

Prof. Wade—"Look er 'ere, hold fuddy duddy, you'd make a 'orse weep. Get hup hoffer dose beggar pans an' take hoff dat shirt. I'll give yer two jiffs ter do hit. Hif yer don't I'll tell dis Mason man dat you an' de Professor went around de corner for a"—

Dr. Stubbs—"O, O don't, don't. Yes, yes, I will. I'll do anything but don't say it." (Starts for screen.) "I'll go behind here." (Dick and the Professor jump to stop him.)

Dick—"Not there."

Prof. Wade—"Yer'll scare de chickens hif yer go in dare. Take hit hoff 'ere. De two jiffs is most hup."

Dr. Stubbs—"O yes, yes, I will." (Takes off shirt.)

Dick—"Now I guess we are ready. Dr. Stubbs take a seat in this corner; Prof. Wade there." (Both men are seated. Dick throws one pair of gloves to the Professor and assists Dr. Stubbs on with the other.) "The first thing to do, Dr. Stubbs, is to meet your opponent in the center of the ring and shake hands with him as a sign of friendship. It will not be a round contest, gentlemen. Two rings of the bell mean commence. When I think you have played enough I will ring once and each man take his seat. Remember, gentlemen, this is to be a friendly contest, and I shall not be responsible for the consequences if you allow your tempers to rule. Now, then, we will commence." (Ding, ding. Both men meet in the center and shake hands. Prof. Wade jumps back into position. Dr. Stubbs makes an awkward dodge and exclaims "Oh!")

Dr. Stubbs—"My dear Mr. Mason, will you please wait a moment? I haven't the slightest idea what to do first."

Dick—"Do just as the Professor does. Put up your hands to ward off his blows and when you get a chance strike him. Now we will commence again." (Ding, ding. Dr. Stubbs hesitates.)

Prof. Wade—"Put up your dukes."

Dr. Stubbs—"One moment, one moment. What do you mean by putting up your dukes, Professor?"

Dick—"Your hands. Dr. Stubbs put up your hands."



Prof. Wade—"Yes, put them hup quick."

Dr. Stubbs—"O yes, yes, I will." (Both men stand in position.)

Dick—"Now we will commence again, and Prof. Wade you will please give Dr. Stubbs the starting blow. Then he will understand how it is done." (Ding, ding. Both men go at it. Dr. Stubbs is very awkward. The Professor jumps around considerable and after a while strikes the Doctor a severe body blow.)

Dr. Stubbs—"O, Mr. Mason, one moment."

Dick---"Can't wait any longer. It is getting late." (Dr. Stubbs rushes in at Wade and puts his arms around him.)

Dr. Stubbs—"One moment, I beg of you."

Dick---"Well, what is it?"

Dr. Stubbs (breaking away from the Professor)—"He struck me too hard. Instruct him differently."

Dick---"Prof. Wade, the next time, strike him so hard he won't feel it."

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, yes, that's right."

Dick---"This is the last time we commence. Be on your guard, gentlemen." (Ding, dong. Both men in position.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, what would my wife say?" (Both men begin to box, and suddenly a horse and cab is heard coming down the street. They all stop to listen. Presently Jack's voice is recognized.)

Jack (from outside)—"Whoa!"

Mrs. Stubbs (outside)—"I can't believe it, Jack—I can't believe it." (Enter Jack and Mrs. Stubbs. The girls come from behind screen, Dr. Stubbs rushes in behind it and is looking over the top at his wife and others.)

CURTAIN.

### ACT III.

(SCENE—Should represent drawing room, as in Act I. Large center table with cloth sufficient size to go down all around. Enter Dick and Dr. Stubbs hurriedly. Dr. Stubbs is dressed as he escapes from the club room—thin gauze shirt, Rose's bonnet and cape on, and the gloves still on his hands. Both men very much pressed for breath and Dr. Stubbs groaning distressfully, exclaiming at short intervals, "O dear!")

Dick (as he enters)—"Quick! You must get dressed before she sees you." (Running the Doctor across the stage two or three times. To left.) "In here!" (William begins singing loudly as they near the door.) "William's there." (Going to right.) "Try this way, quick!" (As they near this door Biddy begins to sing loudly.) "Stop! The maid is coming." (Turning back.) "Fly!" (Dr. Stubbs groaning all the while. Trying center.) "Out this way, quick!" (Turning back.) "Too late, too late. She is right here. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

Dr. Stubbs—"I don't know! I don't know!"

Dick (looking around)—"If there was only some place where I could hide you."

Dr. Stubbs—"If there was! If there was!"

Dick (mimicking the Doctor)—"Yes; if there was! If there was!"

Mrs. Stubbs (outside)—"O you villian! You villian!"

Dr. Stubbs (groaning)—"O dear! O dear! O dear! I have sinned! I have sinned!"

Mrs. Stubbs (at left)—"O you villian! Where are you?"

Dick—"Here, get behind this picture, quick!" (Dr. Stubbs gets behind easel that holds picture of St. Joseph. Accidentally he knocks picture from frame and not having time to replace it, tries to pose like the picture, while Dick jumps for a chair and pretends to read just as Mrs. Stubbs enters left.)

Mrs. Stubbs (entering left)—"Where are you, you villian? You have deceived me. This is pretty work. Where is my husband, Mr. Mason?"

Dick (jumping up)—"He went out that door just a moment ago, Mrs. Stubbs."

Mrs. Stubbs—"This door?" (Pointing to center.)

Dick—"Yes, Mrs. Stubbs, that door."

Mrs. Stubbs (going out center)—“O to confront him with his villany.” (Dr. Stubbs groans and tries to replace picture but on account of the gloves is unable to.)

Dick (following Mrs. Stubbs to door)—“I really wish you might, Mrs. Stubbs. I think he deserves it.” (To the Doctor who is still posing.) “You have broken the picture, Dr. Stubbs. You can’t stay there.” (Dr. Stubbs groans.) “What *shall* I do with you?”

Dr. Stubbs—“I don’t know! I don’t know! Oh, I have sinned!”

Dick (laughing, aside)—“He’s a pretty looking St. Joseph.” (To Dr. Stubbs.) “Here, get under this table, quick!” (Dr. Stubbs starts for table and gets half way across stage when he hears Mrs. Stubbs’ voice.)

Mrs. Stubbs—“Oh, you villian, where are you.”

Dick—“Get back; she is coming!” (Dr. Stubbs gets behind picture again and goes to posing. Dick jumps for book and reads as she enters.)

Mrs. Stubbs—“He is no where to be seen. Are you sure he did not come back, Mr. Mason?”

Dick—“Well, now, Mrs. Stubbs, he might have come back when I was not looking. Perhaps he went in there.” (Pointing to left.)

Mrs. Stubbs—“Oh, Mr. Mason, this is terrible, terrible! What am I going to do?”

Dick—“I really don’t know what you can do, Mrs. Stubbs. He ought to be dealt with severely. Perhaps if we could persuade the Board of Missionaries to do some work at home before going into the depths of China to search for subjects, it would be better for us all, and help us greatly in this case.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“That is true, but”—(exit right.) “Oh, you deceitful old thing, Phineas Stubbs! If I ever find you”—(Dr. Stubbs groans.)

Dick (aside)—“It will be a terrible thing, I guess, if she once gets her hands in his hair.” (To Dr. Stubbs.) “Quick, now! under the table!” (Dr. Stubbs gets under table and Dick sits in chair beside him and pretends to read.)

Dr. Stubbs (poking head out from under table)—“Is she coming?”

Dick (hitting him on head with book)—“Yes, she is. *Get* under there!” (Aside mimicing Dr. Stubbs.) “Is she coming!”

Mrs. Stubbs (entering left)—“He is not there either. I—Mr. Mason, what have you under that table? I saw it move.”

Dick—“Why, Mrs. Stubbs, on my way home I found a half starved dog in the street.” (Dr. Stubbs barks like a dog.) “I took pity on the poor little thing and brought him home and put him under this table so he would not run away, intending to give him something to eat when you came.” (Dr. Stubbs barks. Mrs. Stubbs goes towards table.)



“Look out for him, Mrs. Stubbs. I am a bit suspicious of that dog. He might bite you.” (Dr. Stubbs barks.)

Mrs. Stubbs—“Mr. Mason, a barking dog never bites, and furthermore I recognize that dog’s bark. Phineas Stubbs, come out from under that table.” (She takes him by the ear and pulls him out. Dick exit, center.)

Dr. Stubbs (on his knees groaning)—“Oh, I have sinned! I have sinned! O dear, I have sinned!”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Yes, you have sinned. This is your meeting of Professors, is it, Phineas Stubbs?”

Dr. Stubbs—“No, no, my dear, no, no. I have sinned! I repent. my dear, I repent!”

Mrs. Stubbs—“You repent! Phineas Stubbs, who would listen to repentance? Did you not tell me in cold blood you were going to a meeting of the Professors in Berkshire Chapel?”

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, my dear, yes. It was a falsehood. Oh, I have sinned! I repent! I shall die!”

Mrs. Stubbs—“You have played your part well, Phineas Stubbs. You have been deceiving me, but it is a long game that has no end. You are a pretty looking man. How did you come by Rose’s bonnet and cape?”

Dr. Stubbs—“Oh, my dear, I don’t know, I don’t know.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“You don’t know?” (Taking them from him and placing on table.)

Dr. Stubbs—“No, my dear. My things were not at hand and in my hurry I took them from Mr. Mason. Oh, I have sinned!”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Yes, telling me an untruth did not satisfy you, so you tried to escape and hide from me. You are a nice husband.” (Dr. Stubbs groans.) “You are a villian, Phineas Stubbs- -that’s what you are, and you will have to make great amends for these actions.”

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, my dear, I will, I will.”

Mrs. Stubbs---“You will! This is a nice corner to get into. Go and dress yourself. Phineas Stubbs, I am ashamed of you, I am ashamed of you. Remove those horrible things from your hands.”

Dr. Stubbs—“But my dear, I can’t get them off.” (Holding out hands to his wife.)

Mrs. Stubbs---“Who put them on you?”

Dr. Stubbs—“Mr. Mason, my dear, Mr. Mason.

Mrs. Stubbs---“Then let Mr. Mason take them off; I will not touch them. Leave this room before the girls come in and see you in this disgraceful condition.”

Dr. Stubbs (holding out hands)—“But my dear, I can’t do a thing.”

Mrs. Stubbs---“Go, I tell you.” (Dr. Stubbs starts for left. Mrs.



Stubbs throws herself into a chair.) “This is disgraceful, disgraceful. I could cry. No! I will not allow myself to grieve over such evil as this. I will fight grief down and bring this deceitful husband of mine to such repentance he will never forget.”

Dr. Stubbs (at door)—“My dear, I ask your forgiveness.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Phineas Stubbs, wait until I have settled with you before you ask my forgiveness.” (Dr. Stubbs groans and exits )

Mrs. Stubbs (soliloquizing)—“Such disgrace as this I have never dreamed of. Has my husband gone crazy? Can it be possible he has lost his senses and knows not what he is doing. What does it mean? It seems as if his high blown pride has taken a sudden downfall and carried with it all within him that was good and holy. And this is not the worst. He would rob my poor brother’s children of their inheritance, just to gratify his selfish, grasping nature. Oh, this is more than I can bear—robbery, crime, disgrace, and my husband is the perpetrator. Why has he done it? Why has the sacredness of this household been marred by such disgrace? Oh, I cannot understand it, I cannot understand it. Phineas Stubbs, you, whom I have loved, revered and trusted always, dare carry on such devilish work as this? O no, I must be dreaming. I can’t believe it. *I must not believe it.* It will drive me to distraction if I do.” (Hesitating, calmly.) “Yet it is true, *too* true and too terrible to think of. What could be worse? Death? No! Death would be better—yes, far better. The sorrow of death could not compare with this living shame.” (Breaking down.) “Oh, it will kill me! It will kill me!” (Crying. Rallying suddenly.) “Phineas Stubbs, may my life be spared at length to see you severely punished for these misdeeds.” (Enter Rose, Belle, Jack and Dick.)

Jack (holding Dr. Stubbs’ clothes)—“Here’s Uncle’s hat and clothing, Auntie. Where is he?”

Rose—“And where are my things, Auntie?”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Your bonnet and cape are there on the table, Rose. Your uncle is in his room, Jack. I will send his wearing apparel to him.

Jack—“Yes, Auntie, do so. No doubt he would like his coat to put on if he intends to show himself again this evening.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“Show himself this evening? I should think he would be ashamed to ever show himself again after these disgraceful actions. I would be ashamed of him anyway.”

Belle—“You must not be too hard on him, Mrs. Stubbs. Perhaps he has had punishment enough to cause him to come forth to confession as soon as he is in a condition to do so.”

Mrs. Stubbs—“A simple confession will not satisfy me, Belle; though if there is a bit of man left in him he will confess his sins openly and without any of my persuasion. Right is right with me, Belle, and wrong is wrong, and such odious vice as my husband has committed

I cannot easily overlook. He has disgraced us all." (Mrs. Stubbs breaks down and exits.)

Belle—"Jack, the poor woman is broken hearted."

Rose—"Yes, it is a down right shame, too. She will not get over this for a long time, if she ever does. It is too bad."

Jack—"That is true, Rose, but do you not think we have done the best thing, even if it does cause her grief. Is it not better to drive Uncle to the wall before he carries out such rash schemes as he would have?"

Rose—"Why, of course it is better, Jack, but I do pity Auntie so."

Belle—"That will be all right in time, Rose. She is quite overcome with excitement now, you know."

Jack—"Why yes; when I assisted her from the carriage she was trembling just like a leaf. I tried to persuade her not to go in at once to see Uncle, but she would not listen to me. She would find him then, and I am thinking when she succeeded she made life a bit miserable for him."

Rose—"And all on account of Mr. Mason."

Dick—"Oh, of course, if anything bad comes of this, it will be laid at my door, and Miss Rose will be the first to speak of it, too."

Jack—"Not so, old boy. Rose is just plaguing you. It is not possible for anything but good to come of it. Time will prove that. And moreover this is my rumpus, not yours, and it is I who will carry the blame of a bad ending."

Belle—"And Rose, I think it is your place to thank Mr. Mason, not chide him. This concerns your own welfare, and even if it turns out unfavorable for you, you should feel grateful towards him for the manly effort he has made in your behalf."

Rose—"Why, Belle, I appreciate what Mr. Mason has done."

Belle—"You really don't appear that way."

Rose—"I don't care, I feel as gratefully as any one could, and I show my appreciation as much as I can under the circumstances." (Blushing. Belle turns away.)

Dick—"Circumstances make great differences sometime, don't they, Miss Rose?"

Rose—"Of course they do."

Jack—"Yes, of course they do, and I quite understand Rose. She is not possessed of a gushing nature. It is not she to throw her arms about one's neck for favors done her even if she would like to."

Rose (indignantly)—"That is an insinuation, is it, Jack?"

Jack—"Ha! ha! Shall I call it that?" (Rose is silent with an indignant air.) "Silence says yes."

Rose—"Mr. Mason, please accept my thanks for your favors."

Dick---“With pleasure, Miss Rose. (Jack laughs heartily.)

Belle (at center door)—“O Rose come and see the moon. It is rising. See how big and beautiful it looks.” (Rose goes.)

Dick (aside to Jack)—“I’ll get even with you for that.”

Jack—“Ha! ha! ha! Come Dick let us go too and see the moon rise.” (Both step back to center. Rose and Jack return together. Rose is weeping.) “Why, my dear girl what is the matter?”

Rose (crying)—“I—I think you—you are just as me-mean as you can be.”

Jack—“Why, Rose, dear girl, please forgive me. I wouldn’t have said what I did for the world if I had known you were going to take it this way. I only meant it for a joke anyway. Dick took it that way and I thought you would do the same.”

Rose (crying)—“I don’t li-like that ki-kind of joking.”

Jack—“Well, my dear sister, I am very sorry I said anything to make you feel like this. Now I apologize for it all and I will be more careful in the future what I say. Let’s make up now. Dry those tears.” (Kisses her.) “Now we are friends.”

Rose—“Yes—yes, Jack, we—we are.”

Jack—“I thought so, Rose. You and I have always been friends and we never must be enemies. Poor father and mother would not rest in peace if we quarreled.”

Rose---“This is not a quarrel Jack.”

Jack—“I know it Rose, but it might lead to one and we are too much to each other to allow that to step between us.”

Rose (throwing her arms about his neck)—“Yes Jack, we are.”

Jack (looking into her eyes)—“Somehow you don’t look natural this evening.”

Rose—“Why Jack, what’s the matter with me?”

Jack—“I don’t know. Seems as if something was missing about you.”

Rose (looking herself over)—“Why, I wonder what it is.”

Jack—“Oh, I know. You have lost that big rose you are in the habit of wearing right there.” (Putting hand on her neck.)

Rose—“So I have.” (Looking around on the floor.)

Jack—“Never mind, you shall have another and Dick shall get it for you.” (To Dick.) “Dick will you please go to the garden and get the prettiest and sweetest rose you can find for my sister?”

Dick—“With the greatest of pleasure, Jack.”

Rose—“You are very kind, Mr. Mason.”

Dick—“Not at all Miss Rose.” (Bowing, exits left-center.)

Jack—“And let us all go to the terrace where we can enjoy the bright moonlight.” (Turning down light.) “When Dick returns he



will find us there." (Exit Jack, Rose and Belle, right-center. Enter Dr. Stubbs, left.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Well!" (Looking around.) "Well! Well!" (Walking around.) "It appears to be very calm after the storm. A nice little plot of Jack's concoction to expose me to my wife. We will see. It is all plain to me now, and if that friend Dick does not get his ticket-of-leave to-morrow then Phineas Stubbs does not understand his business. Jack has displayed a revengeful feeling and evidently intends to make me suffer for what he believes I have done--lost his money. But he will find out that his Uncle Phineas is just as cunning as himself." (Looking around the room.) "I wonder where they have all gone to." (Looking out the door.) "There seems to be no one astir without." (Coming back.) Judging from my own feelings they all must be quite weary from over exertion and excitement. Possibly they have retired. One thing certain--I don't think my wife will bother me again to-night. To-morrow she will have subdued her passion and will listen to my pleadings." (Thoughtfully.) "Yes, listen to them and forgive me perhaps. But will her forgiveness cleanse my polluted soul and free my conscience of this hellish sting?" (A quartet sings some familiar song behind scenes and Dr. Stubbs listens quietly until finished; then he walks to the window.) "They seem to be enjoying themselves." (Looking up at the moon.) "O beautiful moon, thy maker is my maker. Thou hast a still and quiet conscience; my conscience is troubled and weighs like a burden upon me. Why am I not like thee, O sinless moon? Why canst I not shine with purity as dost thou? I ask thee this question, yet I can answer it for thee--thou hast abided by God's laws; I have broken them and am unworthy of His blessings. Yes, unworthy of them. I am a poor, miserable wretch trampled to earth to be hated and despised by everybody. Oh, could I go back once more to my youth, when life had no cares. When fear ruled over sin, and happiness reigned supreme within my heart. But such a wish is a vain one. That time can never come again. I must not look back upon it, but go on and make the best of my lot." (Turning up light.) "Well! well! my wife has found me out at last. She has discovered that her dear, dear husband is the most sinful man in all the world. It is terrible, terrible to be so wicked, and to think that she became the wiser through the efforts of that smart young nephew, actually causing me much vexation." (Enter Mrs. Stubbs.) "To-morrow she shall be made to think that I am not so wicked as she believes me to be now." (Turns and sees her.) "O my dear---er---I---you here?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"I should say I was, Phineas Stubbs, but don't mind me. Go on with your little soliloquy."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh---I---you---I was just trying to make clear to my mind the"---

Mrs. Stubbs—"Don't you dare to tell me another falsehood."

Dr. Stubbs—"No, no, my dear, no, no. I am not going to. I"---



Mrs. Stubbs—"Say nothing then!"

Dr. Stubbs—"O yes, yes.

Mrs. Stubbs—"Saying that you are not going to tell me a falsehood, and then telling one---for you are not capable of telling the truth---is telling two in the same breath, and I am not in a mood to receive them as fast as that."

Dr. Stubbs—"You judge me wrongly, my dear---you judge me wrongly, wrongly."

Mrs. Stubbs—"How can you say that, Phineas Stubbs, when you would make me think you are not so wicked as I believe you to be."

Dr. Stubbs—"That is not what I meant, my dear."

Mrs. Stubbs—"You lie! It is just what you meant."

Dr. Stubbs—"No, no, my dear."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Hold your tongue! Or I will ring for William and have you locked in your room." (Dr. Stubbs groans.) "And there you will remain until I am ready to let you out again." (Dr. Stubbs groans.) "Sit down in that chair!" (Dr. Stubbs takes chair by the table.) (Aside.) "If he has a confession to make he will make it now." (To Dr. Stubbs.) "You are a pretty example of a man---you, my husband, a minister in the pulpit with a lying tongue and a villian's demeanor, teaching the word of God"---(groans)---"to innocent minds, ignorant of the fact that it comes from the mouth of the very devil himself." (Loud groans.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, don't, don't; this is terrible, this is terrible."

Mrs. Stubbs—"It is no more than you deserve, Phineas Stubbs---no more than you deserve. Rightly you should be exposed to the public and let justice take its course with you."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh my dear, do you mean that I should go to prison?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"That's where you belong." (Dr. Stubbs rises.) "Sit down in that chair and wait until I have finished." (Dr. Stubbs is seated.) "What have you to say for yourself?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Why should I go to prison, my dear? I have not committed any criminal offence."

Mrs. Stubbs—"No, but you would have had you not been found out in your little scheme just in time to prevent it." (Dr. Stubbs rising.) "Sit down in that chair I tell you!" (Dr. Stubbs seated.) "Now what have you to say for yourself?"

Dr. Stubbs—"My dear, I really don't know what you mean."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Phineas Stubbs, do you pretend not to know what I mean?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear, yes." (Mrs. Stubbs walks away very much agitated.)

Dr. Stubbs (rising, aside)—"I wonder how much she knows?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Phineas Stubbs, sit down in that chair and don't you get up again until I say so! Do you deny having attempted to rob Rose of her share of the estate?"

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"How did she know this?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Speak! do you deny that? And if you answer me falsely"—

Dr. Stubbs—"No, no, my dear, I do not deny it. I confess that I did, but do not call it robbery. The sound of that word is like a dagger piercing my heart."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Ah! That is just what I want, Phineas Stubbs. I am glad I have found something with which to torture you."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, don't, my dear, don't, don't. This will kill me—this will kill me." (Throwing head on table.)

Mrs. Stubbs—"Far better were you in your grave than go on in this way." (Groans.) "But are you not afraid you *will* die? Think what you will have to account for." (Groans.)

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, don't, don't, my dear. This will drive me crazy—crazy."

Mrs. Stubbs—"What if Rose's dead father and mother should rise out of their graves and demand an explanation of this foul deed? What would you tell them?"

Dr. Stubbs—"I don't know—I don't know."

Dr. Stubbs—"Would you dare to utter falsehoods to them?"

Dr. Stubbs—"No, no, my dear, no, no."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Then why shame me with such deception! Is it not just as sinful, I ask you?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear, it is—it is. I have sinned! I have sinned! Forgive me! Forgive me!"

Mrs. Stubbs (walking away)—"It is not my place to forgive such sin as this, Phineas Stubbs; but of Him you should ask forgiveness. I can only overlook, and I will overlook, but under one condition."

Dr. Stubbs—"And that, my dear?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"That you tell me the truth about Jack's money!"

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"Jack's money!" They are still in ignorance of this, it seems. They shall remain so."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Was it truly lost in the downfall of the American mines?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear, it was."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Then prove to me that you are telling the truth. Can you do it?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Yes, my dear. I have in my study a letter written by the treasurer of that company expressing his regrets and explaining in detail the loss of Jack's money."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Phineas Stubbs, I would like to examine that letter. Will you go and bring it that I may see for myself?"

Dr. Stubbs (starting for the door)—"Certainly, my dear, certainly." (He is interrupted by the entrance of Belle, Rose, Dick and Jack.)

Jack—"It is not necessary to see that letter, Auntie. I have something here that will do just as well, and will prevent Uncle from getting deeper into the mire by showing something he has concocted for the occasion."

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"What is this, I wonder?"

Mrs. Stubbs—"Why Jack, what do you mean?"

Jack—"I mean that Uncle Phineas has told you another lie."

Mrs. Stubbs—"Can it be possible?"

Jack—"And this letter he is about to show you—if he has one to show—is forged."

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—"Forged!"

Mrs. Stubbs—"What have you to say at this, Phineas Stubbs?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Why, my dear, I—er—do you suppose"—

Jack—"Oh, don't try to crawl out of it now, you old reprobate. I have got you where you can't move a checker. Sit down in that chair and I will show you."

Dr. Stubbs—"But Jack, give me time to explain. I"—

Jack—"Sit down in that chair."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, yes, yes."

Jack—"When I have finished with you, then you can explain if you wish." (Dr. Stubbs is seated. Jack seats himself at the other side of the table.) "Ahem! Now then we will proceed to have a nice, little, quiet, agreeable and very interesting business talk."

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, well, Jack, go on—go on."

Jack—"Then you are anxious to meet your fate, are you?"

Dr. Stubbs—"Well, go on, my dear boy, go on."

Jack—"Go on, my dear boy, go on! Say, Uncle, you remind me of a snake. And why didn't I see you when you coiled to strike? You old vampire, you! I believe you'd suck the very life blood out of me if you could see a penny in it."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, don't, Jack, don't! This is cruel! This is cruel!"

Jack—"Cruel! Ha! ha! This isn't cruel, Uncle. This is fun, and we are going to have some more of it right away."

Dr. Stubbs—"But Jack, I wish you would begin with your business, which, I presume, is about Rose's property."

Jack—"Well, no, not wholly Rose's property. You know you owned up to having tried to rob her of it, but—oh, of course we will touch on that subject now and then; but this is another matter I have been wishing to talk with you about for some time back."



Dr. Stubbs (aside)—“I wonder if he means the money.” (To Jack.) “Well, I am listening.”

Jack—“Oh, are you? Excuse me. Ahem! We will begin then. Did you ever hear of a very rich company in America called the American Bell Telephone?”

Dr. Stubbs (aside)—“Bell Telephone!”

Jack—“Oh, you needn't try to cover it up. You are as transparent as a bar of glycerine soap—and not half so clean. I can see your brand stamped on your very face, Phineas Stubbs, and if you don't speak the truth”—

Dr. Stubbs—“Yes, yes, Jack, I have heard of such a company.”

Jack—“I thought you had. That's why I asked, and anybody that ever read a newspaper has, of course. Now, then, see if you can answer the next question as truthfully as you did that one. Ahem! How long has my money been invested in this Bell Telephone Company?”

Dr. Stubbs—“Your money invested in Bell Telephone, Jack?”

Jack—“Yes, my money invested in Bell Telephone, *Jack*.”

Dr. Stubbs—“Who told you this?”

Jack—“Nobody told me this.”

Dr. Stubbs—“Then what makes you think it is invested there?”

Jack (showing certificate)—“That tells me, Phineas Stubbs!”

Dr. Stubbs—“My God, Jack!”

Jack—“Oh, I thought you would twinge at the sight of it.” (Mrs. Stubbs comes up to look at certificate and others draw closer around.)

Dr. Stubbs—“Where did you get that certificate, Jack Dellford?”

Jack—“Never mind where I got it, but it is a stock certificate, isn't it? Made out to you and signed by the President of the American Bell Telephone. I know your game, you scoundrel. You sold the mine interest, withdrew my name under your guardianship, and reinvested in your own name in Belle Telephone. Then told me the money was lost. And only through your loving care and fatherly interest was I kept in college, and the estates retained. Oh, if I was not afraid of being poisoned I would bite you. You did not think I would find you out, did you? Well, Phineas Stubbs, I gave you credit for more sense than that. I never dreamed it would ever be my place to inform you—a man of your position in life—that such villiany as this is always found out; that there is a power stronger than the power of man, that will expose sooner or later his nasty deeds. You know it as well as I do, yet you go on until you have dropped to the level of liars and robbers.”

Dr. Stubbs—“You stole this paper from me, Jack Dellford.”

Jack—“You lie! And if you utter those words again I will put you where all criminals should be put. I sent Dick into the garden to get my sister a rose. As he was crossing the driveway his eyes fell upon a



dark object on the ground. It proved to be an empty pocket book. He picked it up and brought it back to the terrace where I was talking with the girls. Rose recognized it as being yours." (Gives him pocket book.) "We all went back to the place where Dick found it, and there, by the aid of the moonlight, I found the money that's in it and that certificate. A little farther on Belle found"—

Belle—"Some private papers, I presume, Dr. Stubbs." (Places letters on table.)

Rose—"And a little way from there I found your handkerchief and this cigar." (Mrs. Stubbs screams.)

Prof. Wade (entering with a rush)---"Dat's de one I give 'im." (Puts cigar in pocket.)

Mrs. Stubbs—"Does he smoke, too?"

Prof. Wade---"Does he smoke, too? Hif he don't smoke in dis world, Missus, he will in de next, so don't yer feel bad." (To Dr. Stubbs.) "Look er 'ere now, cuffy, I didn't tomp yer 'alf 'ard 'nough at de club an' now hif yer don't just trow hup dat bill wot's goin' ter put de shutters on de biz I'll keep right hon tompin' an' I'll blow hon yer ter hevery newspaper in London."

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, sir, don't do that. I will give it up, I swear it! I'll have nothing more to do with it, but don't do that."

Prof. Wade---"Dat's all right den, an' I'll just keep mum for de sake of dese people wot you've caused all de trouble; but remember if I 'ear of dat bill again I'll do yer so well done yer won't hever git undone, eh fellers!"

Dr. Stubbs—"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

Jack—"Don't you speak to me, Phineas Stubbs. You are a villian, an outrage and a curse to this household. You have done enough already to put you behind prison bars. Never again will I own you as my Uncle, and if Auntie does the right thing you will no longer remain as her husband." (Dr. Stubbs turns to his wife on one knee, hands outstretched, strikes a pleading attitude.)

Mrs. Stubbs (pointing to center door)—"Go! *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*" (Dr. Stubbs walks reluctantly to the door, turns and raises hands heavenward.)

Dr. Stubbs—"God in Heaven have mercy." (Exit, followed by his wife.)

Belle—"Poor woman! Jack, she will never get over this to the longest day she lives."

Jack—"No, Belle, I don't think she will."

Rose—"And I don't believe Uncle will ever forget this memorable evening. Do you, Mr. Mason?"

Dick—"No, Rose, I don't think he will, and you and your brother"—

Rose—"What of us?"

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Dick—"What of you? Why see how it has turned out for you both. Your property saved." (To Jack.) "And Jack, Bell Telephone will make you richer than dirt."

Jack—"Perhaps so, Dick." (Drawing Belle to him.) "But I would not exchange this Belle for all the money Bell Telephone can produce."

(Prof. Wade makes love to his hat and cane.)

Dick—"I believe it, Jack, I believe it. And while I think of it," (drawing Rose to him), "this was the prettiest and sweetest Rose I could find in the garden."

Belle—"Why, Rose!"

Jack—"Dick, you don't mean it."

Dick—"Yes, I do. Don't we, Rose?"

Rose (sighing)—"I suppose so."

Jack—"Accept my congratulations, both of you."

Belle—"And mine, too. This has been an evening of sorrow and happiness; and Rose, who is to blame for it now?"

Prof. Wade—"Excuse me, Missus, but yer can lay it to 'THE GLOVES.'" (When curtain drops Jack and Belle on the right, Dick and Rose left, and Prof. Wade in center.)

CURTAIN.







# THE GLOVES.

A COMEDY DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
NATE A. TEFFT.

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